THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

SELICO;

AN AFRICAN NOVEL.

(Concluded.)

DURING this agreement, Selico was the only one who did not weep; but what pains did he not take to retain, to hide his tears, when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal farewell, embrace her for the last time, and yet deceive her, in swearing he would soon return with Teloue; that they only went to visit their old dwelling, and see whether they might return thither.

The good old woman believed them; she could not however tear herself from the arms of her sons; she already trembled at the dangers they were going to brave; and from an involuntary foresight, she attempted to run after Selico when he was out of sight.

The two young brothers, of which it was not easy to distinguish the most to be pitied, arrived in a few days at the city of Sabi. Murders had ceased, peace began to be restored; the King of Dahomai, now the tranquil possessor of the states of Juida, was desirous of making the trade with the Europeans flourish, and for that purpose invited them within his walls. Many English and French merchants were admitted to the court of the monarch, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided the lands of the vanquished among his soldiers.

Teloue soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother.

Whilst he was hesitating, trembling in all his members, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet is heard in the square, and a public crier proclaims, with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promises four hundred ounces of gold, to whoever would deliver up, living, a strange unknown negro, who the preceding night, had dared to profane the Seraglio of the monarch, and had towards day-break escaped through the arrows of his guards.

Selico hears this proclamation, makes a sign to Teloue not to conclude with the merchant; and, drawing his brother aside, says to him, in a firm tone:

Thou art to sell me; and I have willed it to enable my mother to live; but the moderate sum that white man has offered thee, cannot make her rich. Four hundred ounces of gold would insure a handsome fortune to Darina and you: we must earn them, brother; you must immediately bind me, and take me to the king, as the culprit he seeks. Do not be frightened; I know as well as thou dost, what cruel punishment awaits me, I have calculated its duration, it can hardly exceed an hour: when my mother brought me into the world, she suffered longer.

Teloue, trembling, could make no answer; penetrated with terror, with tenderness, he falls on his knees, presses him, supplicates him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he ever loved, to renounce that terrible design. Of whom speakest thou? replied Selico, with a ghastly smile. I have lost Berissa; I wish to rejoin her; I save my mother, I enrich my brothers for ever, I spare myself a slavery which may last forty years. My choice is made, do not thwart me any longer, or I shall go and surrender myself. Thou wilt loose the fruit of my death, and thou wilt cause the misery of her to whom I owe my life.

Intimidated by the air and tone with which Selico pronounced these last words, Teloue dares not reply; he obeys his brother, procures cords, fastens both his arms behind his back, and in tying the knots waters them with his tears; and then marches with him to the king's palace.

Stopped by the outer guard, he demands to speak to the monarch. He is introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a sopha between two of his favourite women, who were dressed in petticoats of brocade, and from the waist upwards naked. The ministers, the grandees, the captains superbly clothed, were lying prostrate about twenty paces from the king; the bravest were distinguished by necklaces of human teeth, every one of which testified a victory; many women with muskets upon their shoulders, stood sentry at the doors of the apartment: large jars of gold, filled with palm-wine, brandy, and other strong liquors, were placed confusedly at a little distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the scalls of his enemies.

Sovereign of the world, said Teloue, bending his forehead to the earth, I am come according to thy sacred commands to surrender into thy hands ——. He cannot proceed, his voice expires on his lips. The king interrogates him, he is not able to answer: Selico then speaks.

King of Dahomai, says he, thou seest before thee the culprit who, hurried on by a fatal passion, penetrated last night into thy Seraglio. He who holds me in chains, was for a long time my friend, so that I trusted him with my secret. Out of zeal for thy service, he has betrayed friendship; he surprised me in my sleep, loaded me with bonds, and is come to demand his reward; give it to him, the wretch has earned it.

The king, without deigning to answer him, makes a sign to one of his ministers, who seizes him, delivers him to the armed women, and gives the four hundred ounces of gold to Teloue; who thus loaden with gold which he shudders at touching, runs to purchase provisions, and returns precipitately to carry them to his mother. —Already, by the monarch's order, preparations were made for the dreadful punishment which in Juida is inflicted on those who commit adultery with any of the king's wives. Two wide ditches are dug close together. In that which is intended for the guilty spouse, the unfortunate woman is bound to a stake, and all the women of the Seraglio, in their best array, carry large jugs of boiling water, empty them all over her head, to the music of fluits and drums, till she expires. The other ditch contains a pile of wood, over which is fixed a long iron bar, supported by two elevated posts; the criminal is chained along that bar, the pile is set fire to; and the flames only just reaching him, he perishes in extreme torment, gradually burning.

The place was full of people. The whole military force, armed with guns and darts, formed a square battallion. The priests were waiting for the two victims, in order to impose hands on them, and devote them to death. They arrived from different parts, conducted by the armed women. Selico, calm and resigned, walked with upright head. When he got near the priests, he could not refrain from casting his eyes on his unfortunate partner. With what surprise, with what grief, did he not recognise Berissa! He cried out, attempts to rush towards her, but is prevented by the executioners.

This movement soon gives place to indignation. Wretch! says he to himself, whilst I was bewailing her, whilst I sought death, with the hope of rejoining her, she was of the number of those vile mistresses, who contend for the heart of a tyrant! Not contented with betraying love, she was at the same time unfaithful to her master, she deserved the opprobious appellation of adulteress, and the punishment which awaits her crime! Oh, my mother! for thee only I die, I think only on thee.

At that moment, the miserable Berissa, who has just recognised Selico, shrieks, calls the priests, and with a loud voice, declares that the young man who is going to suffer, is not he who penetrated into the Seraglio! she swears it, in the face of Heaven, by the mountains, by the thunder, the most sacred of their oaths. The intimidated priests suspend the execution, and send to acquaint the king with the event, who immediately repairs to the place.

The monarch approached Berissa with anger and indignation: Slave, says he, with a terrible voice, thou whom I wished to elevate to the rank of my favourite spouse, and whom I have suffered to live, notwithstanding thy refusal, what can be thy intention in daring to deny the crime of thy accomplice? Dost thou hope to save him? If he be not thy lover, discover him, guilty woman; surrender him to my justice, and I will release the innocent.

King of Dahomai, replies Berissa, already tied to the fatal stake, I could not accept thy heart; I had none to bestow: I did not fear telling thee so. Thinkest thou that she who has not told a falsity to share a crown, can tell one on the point of dying: No, I have owned every thing; I renew my avowal. A man last night did penetrate into my apartment, and did dot retire till day-break, but it was not this man. Thou requirest me to name him. I ought not, nor will I: I am prepared to die: I know that nothing can save me, and I only prolong these terrible moments to hinder thee from committing a crime. I again swear to thee, King of Dahomai, the blood of this innocent will be upon thy head. Let him be freed, and punish me. I have nothing more to say.

The king was struck with the words of Berissa, with the tone in which they were spoken; he gave no orders, he hung his head down, and was surprised at the secret repugnance which for once he felt to shed a little blood. But reflecting that the negro had accused himself; attributing the interest which Berissa had testified for him, to her love, his fury is rekindled. He makes a sign to the executioners: the pile is set fire to, the women approach with their vessels of boiling water; when an old man, panting out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, suddenly breaks his way through the croud, and falls at the feet of the king.

Stop, says he, stop; it is I that am the culprit, I scaled the walls of thy Seraglio to carry off my daughter. I was formerly the chief priest of the God who was adored here; my daughter was torn from my arms, and conducted to thy palace. I have ever since sought an opportunity to see her again. Last night I attained my end. She in vain attempted to follow me, thy guards perceived us. I escaped alone from among the arrows which have wounded me as thou seest. I offer thee thy victim, and am come to die with her, for whose sake only I wished to live.

He had hardly concluded, when the king commands the priests to loosen the two supposed criminals, and bring them before him. He interrogates Selico; he wants to know what powerful motive could engage him to seek such a painful death. Selico, whose heart palpitated with joy to find Berissa constant, reveals every thing to the monarch: he recounts his misfortunes, the indigence of his mother, and his resolution to gain the four hundred ounces of gold for her. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of admiration; the chiefs, the soldiers, the populace, were affected; the king felt tears flowing, which had never before bathed his cheeks: such is the charm of virtue, it is adored even by barbarians.

After having heard Selico, the king holds out his hand to him; raises him up; and turning himself towards the European merchants who were present at this spectacle; you, says he, whom wisdom, experience, the lights of a long state of civilization, have so well taught how much, within a crown piece, a man may be worth, at how much do you estimate that man? The merchants blushed at that question. A young Frenchman boldly cried out: ten thousand crowns of gold.

Let them be given to Berissa, replied the king, directly, and with that sum not purchase, but espouse Selico.

After these orders, the King of Dahomai retired, wondering at feeling a pleasure which he had never before known.

Farulho on the same day gave his daughter to Selico. The happy pair accompanied him the next day with their treasure on their return to Darina. She thought she should die with joy, as did the two brothers of Selico. That virtuous

family was never more parted; enjoyed its riches, and, in a barbarous country, were long the most noble example which heaven can bestow upon earth, that of opulence and happiness, produced solely by virtue.

THE LONDON SHOEMAKER.

SEE you that elegant chariot which, in rapid flight, skims like a swallow the surface of the street? Who do you think thus drives along in this dashing style and equipage? It is a celebrated Shoemaker, and all accomplished son of Crispin, a man of fashion and elegance, a paragon of taste—who makes ladies' shoes, of a colouring, quality, brilliancy, eloquence, and poetry, beyond all competition or description. He never speaks but in numbers—he breaths his amourous song, takes his measures as zephyrs gather roses; the Anacreon of his trade, the Tibullus of the buskin, the Ovid of the last. This arbiter of pedal taste and ornament, barely expends 1500*l.* a year. Is it not then an irresistible proof of the excellent order of things, when the scale of conditions is so well maintained, that a Shoemaker can drive, full speed in his carriage, through the Western streets and squares of the metropolis, to receive the ladies' orders for shoes and sandals, from 20s. to 30s. a pair? Our Shoemaker is a man unrivalled for his presence of mind, and no man more eminently possesses the art of eminding a well-formed woman of her own importance.

A lady of the first rank and quality, saw in the house of a devotee to fashion, some elegant shoes of various colours, shapes, and decorations, and of a physiognomy interesting beyond description. 'Oh Lud," she exclaimed to her friend, 'I am delighted with your exquisite taste in the article of shoes—I am in an extacy at the sight—what a beautiful pair of shoes are those fawn-coloured kid, laced on the instep with silvered leather, elastic soles and heels—and how delightfully handsome those glossy white satin slippers, and silver spangles."—The inimitable Shoemaker is sent for, and attends—he is honoured with an introduction—assumes the man of fashion, and excels the courtier in politeness. "Your ladyship has the most elegant foot and ancle in the universe, and it will be my pride to embellish the triumphant excellencies of your majestic step." The shoes are ordered for the same evening. In two hours they are brought home, and introduced as the most elegant pink satin gala shoes, with gold rosettes, whose appearance in the ball-room will ravish the senses. The price only 24 shillings. They arrived at six o'clock, were admired till eight, put on at nine, worn until bed time, and laid aside in the morning by the maid. Enchanted with her purchase, the lady is anxious again to appear in them. She calls for her maid, and is told the shoes are useless, having been worn out when they were taken off.—"Amazement! distraction? shocking!—Run to his house, and let me hear the loss is not irreparable." The polished shoemaker arrives. Madam!'—'Oh Sir, such an accident! it is distressing beyond endurance! my shoes torn to pieces, unfit for use!'—'Impossible—let me see—Ah, bless me! torn, sure enough, and only to be replaced by a new pair! But how has it happened? 'Tis beyond my conception.'—'Oh Sir,' the lady replies, 'consider my loss.'—'Consider, consider, why, Madam, they surely have been ill used. How long did you wear them?'—'I walked in them but two hours.'—'*Walked* in them, Madam, *walked*. Oh then, it is not to be wondered at; why, Madam, those shoes were made only to *wear*, and not to *walk* in.'

A YOUNG nobleman, complaining to an author of a respectable publication;* that his papers were not *merry enough*, was advised to interlard them with some scenes out of our late *Tragedies*.

* The Looker-On

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WOMAN.

HOW very pleasing the tale of pity seems to me, and when perchance this tale is told by angelic woman, the tear trickling down her lovely face, and falling into wanton random upon her bosom, the sympathetic sigh cannot be repressed, and the heart beats with an unconscious ardour. When the imagination wanders we know not whither, who can so soon recal it to its pristine serenity, as lovely woman, that fair counterpart of angelic sweetness? How often have my dearest thoughts, occupied on the grandeur of the united works of nature and of art, left their wonted channel, humbly to admire the omniscience of the Almighty One, who created woman to soothe mankind, and soften the asperity which is at times profusely sprinkled over our hearts.

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A late writer on the condition and influence of women in society, closes his preface with this sentence, which may be considered as one of the best in his book—

I shall pity the calm frigidity of some that can read, without interest, this essay on the history of a sex adored by youth, esteemed by mature age, and respected and cherished by the old, with a hope that it will afford a charm and consolation to his last moments.

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LOVE.

In the morning of life, when the heart's wildly beating,
The bosom expands with sweet promise of bliss,
When each nerve throbs with rapture, and lips fondly meeting,
The language of passion attends on each kiss;
Should the maiden—ah! hapless!—believe the soft story,
Give ear to his vows,—in that credulous sleep
He gains all his wishes; his pride and his glory,
A conquest to boast of—then *leaves her to weep.*

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

(Continued.)

BUT, to take the town in its most ample signification, as the resort also of persons of fashion and distinction, it is undubitably a place where a countryman may rub off his rust; but still he must be careful what he rubs against it, or he may exchange country dirt for city coom; he must be cautious not to lose in good sense more than he gains by refinement; not to part with his honest plainness for duplicity of manners, or substitute a courteous bow and fine promises, for real offices of benevolence and friendship.

The capital is a place worthy the temporary residence of the speculative philosopher, who thinks "the proper study of mankind is man." By conversing with a diversity of characters, he may acquire a considerable insight into the modifications of the human heart. Here he will constantly behold the force of evil example counteracting the original bent of a virtuous education; the power of sordid interest over one who had early imbided the principles of strict integrity, perhaps of generosity; and of criminal pleasures over the pupil of sobriety! He will learn in time to calculate the weeks or months requisite to metamorphose the son of a humble peasant into an insolent footman; of a plain farmer's lad into a coxcomb or fine gentleman! He will lament to see the labours of a pious parent, who, when he was teaching the "young idea how to shoot," strove to make it shoot towards heaven, and watered the tender plant with many a supplicating tear; he will lament to see all this fostering care rendered abortive by the attendance, during a single month, upon some disputing club, or seminary of systematic vice! where the porter-inspired orator affects to laugh at his former principles, as the dull notions of dotards, unworthy a man of spirit and free enquiry, stands forth the champion of infidelity, or, prompted by vanity, becomes the hypocrite of sin! dare to deny a faith which he still believes; openly dispute tenets he secretly reveres, and argue against convictions which in his retired moments "harrow up the soul."

Our philosopher will discover the power of connexions and example, of interest or of pleasures, to change the principles and dispositions of men; and he will remark how easily those who have no *stamen* of their own, no genuine unshaken rule of conduct, no settled notions of virtue, and rational fear of heaven, how easily they yield themselves up to foreign impressions, like wax to the seal; or bear a diversity of vicious resemblances, according to the moulds in which they may accidentally be cast.

After he has made general observations of this nature, for which this great city will furnish ample materials, he may study the leading characteristics, the distinguishing type of each division.

In the western quarter he may contemplate the proud and fastidious courtier, uniting the extremes of haughtiness and servility; swoln with the idea of his own importance, and yet courting the admiration of every transient spectator; meanly cringing to those in power, but treating his inferiors with disdain; lavish of his bounty to sycophants, and panders to his pleasures, but deaf to the cries of indigence, or the demands of justice; betraying his country for gold, and risking that gold on the turn of a die! supercilious to those who are dependent on his smiles, himself a stranger to the independence of a man; destitute of every moral excellence, but vain of his manifold titles and trappings of pre-eminence; ridiculing the rigid restraints of virtue and religion, and torn asunder by the contest of irregular passions, or corroded with diseases generated by criminal excess.

After he has studied this portrait of modern greatness in our sex, which, with a few honourable exceptions, may be too close a resemblance, he may cast his eyes on that whimsical, and insignificant thing called a *fine lady*; in whom, although she thinks herself the most important personage in the whole creation, he will search in vain for those characteristic excellencies of women, whinning softness, modest reserve, delicate sensibility, and the regular management of domestic affairs, filial, conjugal, and parental affection, and a heart attuned to friendship, sympathy, and love. He will perceive the whole business of her life to be pleasure, and the indulgence of her capricious humours; and that she is, notwithstanding, a novice in her profession. He will find her a slave to fashions which disfigure that person she is so anxious to adorn; a stranger to elegance and taste, although what she chiefly affects; and disgusted with the very amusements which occupied all her thoughts. He will smile to see her mistake affected airs for gentility, impertinence for familiarity, haughtiness for dignity, volubility for eloquence, trite ideas, and a round of hackneyed phrases for sentiment, the most absurd prostitution of strong expressions upon trifling subjects, for sublimity of thought, a troublesome pettishness of disposition, for a a delicate sensibility of nerves. And he sometimes will have reason to be shocked at her breaking the modest, the amiably timid restraints of nature, and considering impudence as a womanly virtue. At her affecting to disbelieve the truths of religion, whilst she is the dupe of childish credulities; braving her maker with more than masculine infidelity, and yet screaming and trembling at the sight of a frog or a mouse. He will observe her strictly maintaining all the appearances of friendship, but totally lost to its reality; making generous offers of assistance to those who do not want it, and neglecting common civility to the needy and oppressed, classing herself among the warmest of your friends in your presence, and sporting with your person, character, and situation in your absence; estimating the worth of her associates, according to their rank in the fashionable world, and yet

lavishing all the confidence of friendship to her chambermaid, and the best affections of her sophisticated nature to parrots, lap-dogs, and monkies !

He will observe her most serious occupations to consist in receiving and paying irksome ceremonious visits, in which her expressions of the happiness she feels at the interview, can only be equalled by the real langour and disgust she experiences ; or in answering cards of unmeaning compliments ; or in satirizing her own conceptions of friendship and politeness, by sending round an empty equipage attended by a train of servants to enquire after the welfare of her most intimate acquaintance ! In the evenings he will see her seated at the card table with anxiety, impatience, avarice, anger, envy, and other evil passions in her train ; and perhaps he may detect her, under the sanction of her sex and quality, practising at the pool the dirty tricks of a sharper and common cheat.

Thus, from a general review of her whole life, will our philosopher either be tempted to turn a partial Mahomet, and doubt whether some of the fair sex may not be formed without a soul, or he will place the existence of such a being among the inscrutable mysteries of Providence !

Satiated with these signs, he will not be much disposed to visit the purlieus of the Hay-market, Cockspur-street, and Piccadilly, where the dependants and appendages of greatness chiefly resort ; or he might here contemplate human nature in a masquerade, if possible, still more fantastic ! He might behold persons descended from the meanest parentage, and educated in the humblest walks of life, suddenly springing up, like gaudy and pernicious weeds in the place of nutritive grain ; and in their profession of barbers, hair dressers, tailors, milliners linguists, dancing-masters singers, musicians, players, &c. asuming the airs, and aping the the manners of their superiors.

If our philosopher should take a walk among the new buildings in Marybone, he will not fail to admire the provisions so commodiously made for administering to vice, and preserving the appearance of virtue. Here he may chance to see many a sedate head of a family toying with a girl of the town. Ladies of strict honour, punctual in their appointments with their gallants ; kept-mistresses counterbalancing infidelity to their benefactors, by generosity to strangers ; and females of unquestioned virtue destroying the constitutions of sober youth.

Passing through St. Giles's, he may have opportunities of seeing men reduced to the lowest scale of villainy. He may behold vice enthroned on a dunghill, surrounded with a retinue of begging impostors, pick-pockets, thieves, house-breakers and highwaymen, enjoying in common, all the privileges, without the chains of marriage ; and acting over again, in garrets and in cellars, the crimes of the abandoned rich !—He may pick up these valuable truths out of the filth—that dissolute manners are universally odious in rags—that vice appears in all its deformity, and ignominy, where external splendour is wanting to varnish the crime, or dazzle the eye ; and he may feel the force of the Poet's adage :

" It is the fall degrades her to a * * * * * * * ;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more."

Let our observer visit the city, and he will behold the full power of interest, and the various modifications of that ruling principle, the love of money ! He will observe the virtue of industry swallow up almost every other virtue ; or, like subtile leaven, insinuate itself into every action and every motive. He will find this at the bottom of many a vice, and largely blended with many a virtue—the bond of all social connexion, as well as the general cause of discord.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

He who can rail at benevolence, has set his heel on the neck of religion.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 5.

Coquetry, when once it obtains a residence in the female bosom, like the passion of avarice in man, subjects the other passions to its imperious controul, and governs, without restraint, the object of its caprices. The woman who, calculating on the beauties of her person to which numbers pay daily homage, gives a loose to this insinuating and destructive propensity, may be truly said to be an object of compassion ; for so blinded are her eyes to every consideration but that of *personal compliment*, that she will rarely perceive her error until the roses from her cheeks are faded, and her admirers cease the strain of adulation where it is no longer due. Then it is that her folly appears.—She looks back with wonder at her own want of consideration, and regrets the opportunities past, when she had it in her power to form a connexion advantageous and honourable ; but now irretrieveably lost. Her sensations may be more easily conceived than described.

Almira may be justly said to have been in her younger days, among the number of those enchanting females, who attract the admiration of the one sex by elegance of form, and beauty of countenance, and the envy of the other by those charms, and the universal attention paid them.—No lady had a greater number of suitors in her train ; and no one was more anxious to be admired. While the springs of adulation were kept in movement, she was ever alive to their bewitching influence ;—and although she had never formed a particular attachment to any individual of the other sex, she was ever displeased at any compliments paid to her own ; thereby mixing the passion of jealousy with that of coquetry.

How is it with the lady now ? the days of her youthful hilarity are past, and with

them her beauty has fled. She must now be content to pass through Broadway, where she was wont to be attended by numbers of gallants, and meet only the half-formed bow, or the slight nod of recognizance. Reflection serves only to heighten the pains of memory.—She regrets her folly, her weakness, and the loss of the valuable time which can never be recalled.—The various conflicting sensations which have, and still continue to oppress her, have soured her temper, and rendered her rather an object of aversion than esteem. Poor girl! thou hast not fortitude to support those ills which thou hast brought on thyself;—thy hours of levity, and all the soul-enamouring compliments which were once profusely lavished at the shrine of thy beauty, are now causes of chagrin and disappointment—thy lovers, among whom, thou mightst have made an honourable choice, are no more ready at thy beck—thy own want of consideration, and a proper sense of respect for thyself, have laid for thee the foundation of lasting regret.

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From an English Publication.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

A LITTLE shambling journeyman tailor, of five feet, scarcely higher or thicker than a skein of thread, with every endowment of countenance, voice, and deportment correspondent to such a figure, waited upon Garrick, and requested to be received as a candidate for public favour, adding that he he had fixed upon the character of *Richard the Third* for his first appearance. "What heh—heh—what—what! *Richard the Third*, say you? Egad, a bold attempt! Have you studied the part?" said Garrick—"Yes, Sir."—"Rehearse—rehearse a speech, then." said Garrick, surveying him all over. The tailor, nothing dismayed, got at once into the bustle of Bosworth field, and proceeded, in a shrill tremulous treble, like that of a superannuated old maid, to repeat—

"A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom,
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
And thou our warlike champion thrice renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions."

Just as he came to the words, "rage of lions," his eye caught those of Garrick, who had summoned up all the terrors of his countenance for that purpose, which so dismayed the tailor, that he ran away in horror and trepidation, convinced (a little too late, however, for his credit) that he was better calculated for fingering the goose and the needle, than for wielding the sword of Richard.

IT is not always necessary to go to Ireland for BULLS. A clergyman in the city, preaching on Sunday last, took occasion to reprove some of his congregation for *sleeping in church*, and observed that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was one of those sins which people must commit with their *eyes open!*

A FEW nights ago, a young sprig of fashion, not eighteen years of age, lost five hunered guineas, his gold watch, and his phaeton and horses, to the *merry caster*, at one of the gaming houses in St. Jame's street.

A COUNTRY fellow, in a loquacious mood, accosted a dragoon officer, and boasting of the military ardour of several of his relatives, said he had a brother in the artillery, who had lately *got made to be something*—he believed it was a *dromedary!*

OUR young bucks of distinction, not content with their enormous whiskers, have mounted the Jewish mustachio on the upper lip. The ladies at first affected a dislike to this *odious barrier*; but as modern fashion soon reconciles the sex to any novelty, the *mustachio salute* is not only sanctioned now by the dowagers of the *whiskerando* tribe, but even voted by the young smooth lipped belles, to be "*funny enough!*"

A DISPUTE arising some evenings ago, betwixt a Mr. K——, and Mr. M——, respecting the battle off Cape St. Vincent—'I'll lay my head against an apple dumpling,' says M. 'that what I assert is true.'—'I beg leave to decline,' says Mr. K. 'I never lay odds.'

A DUBLIN paper giving an account of an insane gentleman, cured by jumping into a horse pond, remarks that 'however the faculty may despise it as a remedy, the gentleman is now in *perfect health*, with the exception of a *fever*.'

From the Balance.

THOUGHTS.

AS some men, either from inclination, or the direction of Providence, dig in mines, some sweep chimnies, and some go to sea, so some engage in politics, often the most troublesome, dangerous, and disagreeable of all occupations.

Women judge more quickly and surely of characters, than men do.

I was told, when a boy, that if I pared my nails on Sunday, I would get a whipping through the week. I believe, that those who pare them in church, or never at all, better deserve a whipping.

The Spectator, in his day, attacked the hooped petticoat. Were he now alive, he would see the ladies have slinked that, and become rather lank.

The best human composition to teach the vanity of this world, and to cure an inordinate love of it, is Young's Night Thoughts.

The great object in the education of children, ought to be to bring them early to obedience. To gain this, is every thing.

SATURDAY, MAY 16.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

The following letter was written by Stephen Arnold, to his parents in Rhode Island, on his receiving his sentence of confinement in the State prison for life. It will be recollected that Arnold (a school master) was sentenced to death for whipping a child in such a manner, that she died, two or three years since; but the sentence was commuted by the Governor.

"*Hon. Parents, affectionate Sisters and Brothers,*

"After informing you that my wife and I are as well as usual, I have to inform you, that, yesterday being the last day my life was suspended to, the Sheriff came into the goal, and shewed me the act which passed both houses, and the Council of Revision, on Saturday last, and became a law of this state, viz. That I am to go to the State prison for life, to hard labour, and that the Sheriff is to take me there, betwixt the passing of this act, and the 1st of May, 1807.

"I shall endeavour to conduct myself as well as I can, and submit to my fate with what resignation and fortitude I can muster, and I feel very thankful to the Lord, and to the people, that my sentence is thus mitigated, and (knowing I never intended any such thing) I hope it will, in the Lord's own time, be mitigated again; but I think it best not to make any application to the Legislature, till I have been sometime an example to those who are not masters of their anger."

Suicide.—A most singular instance of suicide occurred on Wednesday morning. Dennis Miller, a widower, married a Miss —— on Tuesday evening; the next morning he rose, walked to the Episcopal burying ground at Greenwich, placed himself upon the grave of his deceased wife, and discharged the contents of a pistol in his ear. He expired in a few moments after. Several persons, witnesses to the transaction, immediately repaired to the spot, and found a paper lying by him, containing the following:

"Say not I committed suicide—Say not I was in a state of derangement—Oh no, it was the sensibility of my heart that hurt me.—Farewell, world! and you that loved me—Oh! take care of my child—I am not afraid to meet my God!

"DENNIS MILLER"

Three persons were burnt to death by the fire in Greenwich street last week, viz. Mrs. Demeck and child, and Mr. Perry.

Dunmore, convicted at the last court of Oyer and Terminer, and who gave himself several stabs with a penknife immediately after the jury had pronounced him guilty, was on Tuesday last, brought before the supreme court and sentenced to confinement in the State's prison for life

Captain Strange, from Alicant, informs that Bonaparte had demanded from the king of Spain 30,000 men; that a part of the above troops had marched from Alicant for Madrid; and that on the 8th of March they left Madrid for France. It was reported at Alicant, that the Tunisians were about to declare war against the United States.

Correspondence.

We regret that I. R's communications sent us for publication this week are so much inferior to his lines in our last number. We recommend him to revise them, when we trust he will perceive we could not with propriety give them to the public.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the revd Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Ezra Robins, of this city, to Miss Ann Mesrole, daughter of Mr. John Mesrole, of Bushwick, L. I.

On Monday last, by the revd. Mr. M'Lay, Mr. James M'Brair, merchant, to Miss Eliza Abrahams, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Right Reverend Bishop Moore, capt. John S. Pierce, to Miss Hilah Cock, both of this city.

At Hudson, Mr. John C. Sharpe, to Miss Catharine Oakey, of this city.

DIED,

On Saturday last, after a short sickness, Miss Charlotte Lenox, daughter of Robert Lenox, Es. By the death of this young lady, amiable in her person and deportment, and uncommonly intelligent in her mind, her parents and family are again (whilst their wounded spirits had scarce recovered from the effects of a similar dispensation) called upon to sustain, with becoming resignation, this additional, this severe, this deep affliction.

On Saturday last Mr. Alexander Mitchel, wine merchant of this city, aged 48 years.

On Monday evening last Mr. Nathaniel Austin, for many years a weigher of this port.

Just Received,
A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented
COMBS,
Of the newest fashion, for sale by
N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel Broadway. Also, SMITH'S Purified Chemical wash ball, far superior to any other for softning, beautifying, and preserving the skin, from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4. and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, with all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of roses for smelling bottles. Violet & palm soap 2s. per square. His chymical blacking cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 8s a lb

His Circassia or Antique oil for curling, glosing and thickening the hair, and prevent it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Rolled ditto 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—printed directions accompany it—6, 9 & 12s. a bottle, or three dollars a quart.

His pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from falling off or turning grey 4, & 8s a pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s a pound.
Violet double scented ditto, 1s 6d. do.
Beautiful rose powder, 2s 6d do.

His white almond wash ball, 2s & 3s each,—common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s—ditto vegetable ditto 3s. Gentlemens shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness, and chaps & leaves the skin smooth. 2 & 4s a box.

Savonnette royal paste for washing the skin,—making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions. 4 & 8s per pot

His chymical Dentrifice tooth powder, for the teeth and gums, 2 & 4s a box.

SMITH'S assortment in this line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May. 16.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN, No. 15, Catharine street, near the Watch house.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MY HARP.

I TUNE my harp, I sit and sing,
But ah! in vain I wake the string;
In vain I try to cheat my pain,
The heart's warm sigh returns again.

I tune my harp, but oh! no more
Does Ellen's heart with music soar;
That heart neglected sighs in vain—
Would it might never beat again!

I tune my harp, but no response
Is heard, as once from Henry's voice;
But not my harp then charm'd I find,
'Twas Henry's voice and Henry's mind.

I tune my harp in silent wo,
And bid my tears forget to flow;
A love so false, perfidious, fair,
Deserves nor Ellen's love, nor care.

I tune my harp, but ah, in vain,
For Henry heeds not Ellen's pain;
Is Henry false? let no one know,
Gently—my harp....tell not my wo.

No more I'll tune this little harp,
To heaven I'll give this bursting heart:
Then one adieu! false love, I cry,
"To wring thy bosom is....to die."

MALVINA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A RIDDLE.

Soon as I am born I die,
And none can tell thee where I lie—
I have a soul but not a shape,
I'm neither man, nor beast nor ape;
I ne'er was seen, yet all can tell
Who I love and where I dwell;
My length has never been decided,
I'm sometimes short, sometimes divided,
With love-lorn souls I often dwell,
Ask of those my name, who best can tell.

MALVINA.

[*The solution next week.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO ANNA.

(V.s.y-street.)

My humble muse in vain essays,
In rapturous strains to speak thy praise;
Th' aspiring thought too bold I deem,
Fair Anna's heavenly charms my theme.

The ardour of poetic fire,
Wak'd by the breathings of the lyre,
In vain attempts, by art refin'd,
To paint the virtues of thy mind.

EDWARD.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How infinitely beneficent and wise,
Is HE who rules the sceptre of the skies;
His piercing eye impartially doth scan,
Each ruling passion in the breast of man.
His heavenly smiles their genial warmth impart,
To aid the growth of virtue in the heart;
And oft our good and happiness to blend,
He, bounteous donor, gives a faithful friend.
Friendship! prolific source of pure delight!
All other blessings fading in thy sight!
'Tis thine to 'stablish in the human breast,
The love of virtue, and her mild behest;
To banish discord envyings and strife,
And strew with flowers the thorny path of life.
Eternal spring in verdant beauty blooms;
Nor autumn's chilling blasts, nor wintry glooms,
E'er cloud the sunshine of that festive day,
When thou exertst thy peace-inspiring sway.
The lonely cell, the deep sequester'd cot
If genuine friendship cheer the rustic lot,
Offer to feeling minds more solid joys,
Than sumptuous equipage, or gaudy toys.
The stately edifice the heaven-born maid has fled,
For the more friendly, tho' more humble shed.
The radient beams the dungeon's horrors chase,
And joy reanimates the prisoner's face;
The moulded crust, moistened by tears of sympathy,
Flowing at Friendship's call, to him is luxury.
Thus as the devious path of life we tread,
Should clouds of sorrow gather round our head,
She, like Religion, guides the rugged road,
And points with hope to Heaven her last abode.

EDWARD.

BIBO, AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

BIBO boasted a face and a nose sparkling red,
The tip was so warm you might light a pipe at it;
It glow'd so red hot, folks approached it with dread,
And you almost would think that old Pluto begat it.

One day in the street as a wag stroll'd along,
With shoulder of mutton just bought for his dinner
Old Bibo he met, and his face glowing strong,
A fancy soon struck this sheep-swallowing sinner.

To the nose of old Bibo he held up his meat,
Whilst the face of the tippler grew redder with passion;
And he cried—'What d'ye mean, thus to act in the street?
I don't understand being us'd in this fashion.'

'Hush, hush,' cried the wag, 'don't you see it gets brown,
Once more to your face let me tenderly press it,
For beleive me, good sir, I ne'er saw in this town,
Any fire that could half so conveniently dress it.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,
Sweet smile it is clear,
We are twins and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the wo and the bliss of another!

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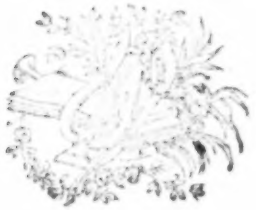

HARVARD · COLLEGE · LIBRARY

But scenes of humble happiness,
Contentment crowns the meal;
And many a short lived pleasure
Leaves a sharp sting behind.

If fancy or promotion,
Prompts us to seek a wife;
We look with roving notion,
And seldom find our life.

View man in this condition,
In fair colonial rank;
Mark what soul contrition,

Cæsar and Alexander
Bear witness while I sing.

Now age comes on with terror,
Alike to fool and knave;
And death holds up his mirror
To tyrants, and to slaves.

Our claim to great or small things
Must vanish like a dream;
Death puts an end to all things
That knaves or fools esteem.

Thus while a man continues
A tenant of the earth,
He muses his evil genius,
In sorrow and in mirth.

Contentment is for no man,
This life is short and vain;
There's nothing but a woman
As restless as a main.

MILTON.

When milton was blind, he married a shrew: the duke of buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours," replied Milton, "but to my sense she feels like one."

During the troubles in the reign of king Charles the First, a country girl came up to London in search of a place as a servant maid: but not succeeding, she applied herself to scouring and went from house to house, and was one of the so then called scourers. The lawyer observing with what diligence this occupation took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with so much prudence and discretion, he married her: but he died soon after she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her late husband's affairs. Hyde, who soon afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's future very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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